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*Alexander's Feast*

OR THE  
POWER *of* MUSIC:  
A N O D E

In HONOUR of  
St. CECILIA's Day.



BATH: Printed for JOHN KEENE.

# Alexander's Feast, &c.

*Recitative.*

**T**WAS at the Royal Feast, for Persia, won  
 By Philip's warlike Son :  
 Aloft, in awful State  
 The God-like Hero sat,  
 On his Imperial Throne :  
 His valiant Peers were plac'd around,  
 Their Brows with Roses and with Myrtles bound ;  
 (So should Desert in Arms be crown'd :)  
 The lovely Thais by his Side  
 Sat like a blooming Eastern Bride,  
 In Flow'r of Youth and Beauty's Pride.

*Song.*

Happy, happy, happy Pair !  
 None but the Brave,  
 None but the Brave,  
 None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

*Chorus.*

Happy, happy, happy Pair !  
 None but the Brave,  
 None but the Brave,  
 None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

*Recitative.*

Timotheus plac'd on high  
 Amid the tuneful Choir,  
 With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre ;  
 The trembling Notes ascend the Sky,  
 And heav'nly Joys inspire.  
 The Song began from Jove,  
 Who left his blissful Seat above,  
 (Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love)  
 A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God :  
 Sublime on radiant Spires he rode,

When he to fair Olympia press'd :  
 And while he fought her snowy Breast :  
 Then round her slender Waist he curl'd,  
 And stamp'd an Image of himself, a Sov'reign of the World.

*Chorus.*

The list'ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound.  
 A present Deity they shout around :  
 A present Deity the vaulted Roofs rebound.

*Song.*

With ravish'd Ears,  
 The Monarch hears ;  
 Assumes the God,  
 Affects to nod,  
 And seems to shake the Spheres.

*Recitative.*

The Praise of Bacchus then, the sweet Musician sung :  
 Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young :  
 The jolly God in Triumph comes ;  
 Sound the Trumpets, beat the Drums :  
 Flush'd with a purple Grace,  
 He shews his honest Face ;  
 Now give the Hautboys Breath :—He comes, he comes.

*Chorus.*

Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
 Drinking Joys did first ordain ;  
 Bacchus's Blessings are a Treasure,  
 Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure,  
 Sweet the Treasure,  
 Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.

*Recitative.*

Sooth'd with the Sound the King grew vain,  
 Fought all his Battles o'er again ;  
 And thrice he routed all his Foes, and thrice he slew the Slain  
 The Master saw the Madness rise ;  
 His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes ;

And while he Heav'n and Earth defy'd,  
Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride.

*Recitative.*

He chose a mournful Muse,  
Soft Pity to infuse.

*Song.*

He sung, Darius great and good,  
By too severe a Fate,  
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
Fallen from his high Estate,  
And welt'ring in his Blood.

Deserted at his utmost Need,  
By those his former Bounty fed :  
On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,  
With not a Friend to close his Eyes.

*Recitative.*

With down-cast Looks the joyless Victor sat,  
Revolving in his alter'd Soul  
The various Turns of Chance below ;  
And now and then a Sigh he stole ;  
And Tears began to flow.

*Chorus.*

Behold Darius, great and good,  
By too severe a Fate,  
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
Fallen from his high Estate,  
And welt'ring in his Blood :  
On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,  
With not a Friend to close his Eyes.

*Recitative.*

The mighty Master smil'd to see  
That Love was in the next Degree ;  
'Twas but a Kindred-Sound to move ;  
For Pity melts the Mind to Love.  
Softly sweet in Lydian Measures,  
Soon he sooth'd his Soul to Pleasures.



*Song.*

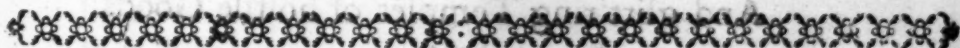
War, he sung, is Toil and Trouble;  
Honour but an empty Bubble:  
Never ending, still beginning,  
Fighting still, and still destroying,  
If the World be worth thy winning,  
Think, O think, it worth enjoying:  
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
Take the Good the Gods provide thee.

*Chorus.*

The many rend the Skies with loud Applause;  
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the Cause.

*Song.*

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,  
Gaz'd on the Fair  
Who caus'd his Care,  
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:  
At length, with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,  
The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.



## SECOND PART.

*Recitative.*

**N**OW strike the golden Lyre again;  
A louder yet, and yet a louder Strain.  
Break his Bands of Sleep asunder,  
And rouse him like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

*Chorus.*

Break his Bands of Sleep asunder,  
And rouse him like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

*Recitative.*

Hark, hark, the horrid Sound  
Has rais'd up his Head,  
Has awak'd from the Dead,  
And amaz'd, he stares around.

*Song.*

Revenge, Revenge, Timotheus cries,  
See the Furies arise :  
See the Snakes that they rear,  
How they hiss in their Hair,  
And the Sparkles that flash from their Eyes!

*Recitative.*

Behold a ghastly Band,  
Each a Torch in his Hand !  
Those are Grecian Ghosts, that in Battle were slain.  
And unbury'd remain  
Inglorious on the Plain.

*Recitative.*

Give the Vengeance due  
To the valiant Crew.  
Now they point to the Persian Abodes,  
And glitt'ring Temples of hostile Goods.

*Song.*

The Princes applaud, with a furious Joy ;  
And the King seiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to destroy.

*Song.*

Thais led the Way,  
To light him to his Prey,  
And like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

*Chorus.*

The Princes applaud, with a furious Joy ;  
And the King seiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to destroy ;  
Thais led the Way,  
To light him to his Prey,  
And like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

*Recitative.*

Thus, long ago,  
E're heaving Billows learn'd to blow,  
While Organs yet were mute;  
Timotheus, to his breathing Flute  
And sounding Lyre,  
Cou'd swell the Soul to Rage, or kindle soft Desire.

*Chorus.*

At last divine Cæcilia came,  
Inventress of the vocal Frame;  
The sweet Enthusiast, from her sacred Store,  
Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,  
And added Length to solemn Sounds,  
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.

*Recitative.*

Let old Timotheus yield the Prize,  
Or both divide the Crown;  
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies;  
She drew an Angel down.

*Chorus.*

Let old Timotheus yield the Prize,  
Or both divide the Crown;  
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies;  
She drew an Angel down.

*Duetto.*

Your Voices tune, and raise them high,  
'Till Eccho from the vaulted Sky,  
The blest Cecilia's Name,  
Music to Heaven and her we owe,  
The greatest Blessings that's below,  
Sound loudly then her Fame.

*Chorus.*

Let's imitate her Notes above,  
And may this Evening ever prove,  
Sacred to Harmony, sacred to Love.

*Part of the Coronation Anthem.*

Zodock the Priest, and Nathan the Prophet,  
Anointed Solomon King:  
And all the People rejoiced, and said,  
God save the King,  
Long live the King:

*Amen, Hallelujah.*

*F I N I S.*



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